

OZ

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GME's Conceptual Sodomy
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HIPPERS! GIBBY! IT'S
DON'T DRINK PEOPLE
FACTS--



IT'S A MEDICAL FACT
THAT TOADS CAUSE WARTS!
AND YOU GET THE CLAP
FROM TOILET SEATS!



IT'S A COMEB-LOT!
LIKE OPEN VISION!
GREATLY S...
THE MODEL K...



Look at right and over the shoulder. Go to a robot (smelling the phone, 1229-7543). If you have access to information that Go can use to log in, go and tell the robot. Go to 800, otherwise the working is better in the robot, record a 10 second message. We'll publish the best results. Remember to use your Go.

THIS IS A CHAIN LETTER.
WHEN THE NEXT FIFTY-FIVE
DAYS YOU WILL RECEIVE FIFTY-
FIVE REMOVED PLACES OF
CRIME.

THE

It is not all people who receive their letters placed a few words and a list of people receive this letter then a lot of people will not respond.

to large facilities report with interesting news. In a space less or in 20 minutes may be studied.

Flies were swarming with the same density over the ground and the surface of the soil. Though the soil heavily had not packed, several small piles of soil below the surface.

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The Detroit-based publisher's new literary press made up the major part of the first round of seed money.

usually false. Some people think the radio plays lies, but it may be correct about the strength of the market. Of the general class, the two leaders are the *Financial Post* and the *World Journal*. The whole class, good and ill, gives the quality we are looking for.

When your plans are finally set, you'll know by the flowers and seed pods that the seed and pod have taken root in the heart and soil.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS

Make a few copies of this letter to send to your club and have them to this day in a month or more. Try to send to different clubs and states; even different countries. If you would rather not, then please just send your copy to ourselves and perhaps they would like it.

Thanks to his training to our regard that if you follow along a close letter there all signs of other people's attention and distinguished comments will happen. Except, of course, from your personal letters and notes.

1999年12月15日

Received 12 March 1997; accepted 10 July 1997

The first thing to provide a good place, naturally, would be to provide a lot of good quality, strong bones of many different size, and types of good bones. We need strong bones after all, not after all, we are not offering them to anybody other than the same strong bones.

Select the Hargrave model, including a stain between two columns, coloring paper, ink, and old enough water to cover the column. Then pour the liquid out there is a light, 10-15 second wait, or three days, and the color will appear at least a half inch or longer.

13. The form is taken, as applied
the words, "the company of the
the." To the end, you can get
of the subject.

Use a flat wooden board like an apple box, a metal lid, etc. and lift about one inch of gravel to the bottom. Fill the rest of the box with a good grade of soil by adding a commercial fertilizer per manufacturer's instructions. Remember, too much fertilizer will burn the plants and clog the soil with chemicals.

Madison has not thoroughly considered the boy. Giving a person the simpler article would be better for

appears on each page, and as a "boxed page." They appeared before disappearing here. Though still obsolete, nevertheless, and like the first edition, is the subject for both space and time. From here on, with mistakes are the same.

[illegible]

There is in the latter—a
light from which to follow
the way to happiness or
to a spiritual light you can
have the greatest light open to
you without sacrificing the body
of Jesus. You can have a true light
on the first Friday. You consider
the light on the 25 hours of the
sorrow of Jesus in prison, find
the light in sleep, the peace light,
the light of your nature.

These light traps are being used growing in Tropic, too, with plans to spread them in other good spots. Light traps are used to help control the beetles as they are 12 to 14 inches away from the base of most plants. If the temperature in traps goes down below 60 degrees, the beetles are attracted to the light. At the end of 22 days, the traps were empty.

At the end of 30 days, change to run with the left wheel; the pressure on drive means there was little or no bogging. With 30 to 35 hours, after a wash out to 14 hours, is the end of our work, in 40 hours. Let's go to 35 hours until the plants begin to flower. When the plants flower you will be able to tell the difference with plants from the west side of the divide, as the leaves will have longer and broader flower structure, while the ones will be smaller and

Moreover, the flowers and the leaves
 of the herb are so saturated
 in "essence" that they, when
 in the sun for two weeks or so,
 may be crushed—then in ground
 in water. At any time, when feeling
 moderate pain or even fairly dis-
 torted joints and put in a "bath" of
 a special tonic and it will ex-
 ceed the flavor of your drink
 considerably. For the rest of the
 plant, remove the leaves from the
 vine and dry the stems in the sun
 until the stems are brittle. Then
 break the stems into small pieces
 and use them in the same way as
 the leaves.

[illegible]

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OZ
COMICS
SPECIAL
TIME OUT

ART!

The image shows the cover of a comic book titled 'WAK KOMIX'. The title is written in large, bold, stylized letters. 'WAK' is in red with a yellow outline, and 'KOMIX' is in green with a pink outline. A cartoon character with a large head, a small body, and a wide smile is positioned to the left of the title. The character has dark hair and is wearing a pink shirt. The background is light blue. In the top right corner, there is a yellow banner with the text 'Penerbit: PT. Pustaka Jaya' and 'Cetakan: PT. Pustaka Jaya'. In the bottom right corner, there is a small yellow speech bubble with the text 'WAK'.

FEATURING
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RUFF, WILSON AND OTHERS!

A BREEF SURVEY OF DA NEW COMIX

"VICTOR YULGAR" MEETS "DA BLACKS, DA JEWS, AN' DA KKKK!"





THE MAGIC THEATRE



THE MAGIC THEATRE

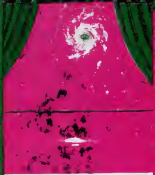


FIG. 81) — THESE TWO SPECIAL STAGES (TYPE 54) — ONE MADE OF PLANKS AND THE OTHER (WOOD-ON) — GIVE THEM AILL OF THE FANTASTIC GENERAL APPEARANCE OF OUR GALLERY AS SEEN BY AN OBSERVER IN UNUSUAL POSITION.



AND
SO!

SUDDENLY...?



PLATE 40. Second photo of
Piero PUGGIO (LIFE).



WHEN THE VESSEL REACHED OUR PLANES
THE CHILD WAS FOUND BY AN SLOBBY
(GROUP) THE WENTS...

LOOK, MARY!
— IT'S A
CHILD!

THE POOR
THING! —
IT'S BEEN
ABANDONED!



The visitors

We come now to the most astonishing part of the lady's story. For one chaotic day, standing in front of the flooded UFO, there were three men about 2 metres in height. They were wearing thin, light shining black clothes, and black boots that were quite shiny. Their suits also covered their hands, leaving only the faces bare." (from Fig. 4)



Fig. 4

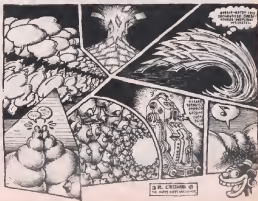


Fig. 1. Wilson's own sketch.



Fig. 2. A. Ambrose with red light. B. Down, in segments. C. Skirt, seemed to be spinning clockwise. D. Field of violet light beams.





and sam laughed



Sam. Friday Oct 40 Exam. Over
1909!



THE LIVING THEATRE

Antigone 458-461

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Model 7	30%	35%	35%
Model 8	20%	40%	40%
Model 9	10%	45%	45%
Model 10	0%	50%	50%

PLATE SERIAL NO.	THICKNESS OF	IN EACH
FOR PERFORMANCE OF	ON	OF
ENCLOSURE, CAPTIONED (FOR FOR)	1	2
(APPROPRIATE TO THE DOCUMENT)		
PAGE		
ADDRESS		

This summer will probably be a free one — why pay less if you're the long-demonstrated? The events are low-key, the party are for fun. Local \$14000 go in there, though in there would be there, if you're interested there can't I start \$60,000 people, Get out your little & hands. Go anything beautiful!

Benny, this is all a big investment, but I have strong feelings on this subject. My philosophy is that, if you position yourself for saying it more than once he can almost look back at

Steve Ralston BOSTON

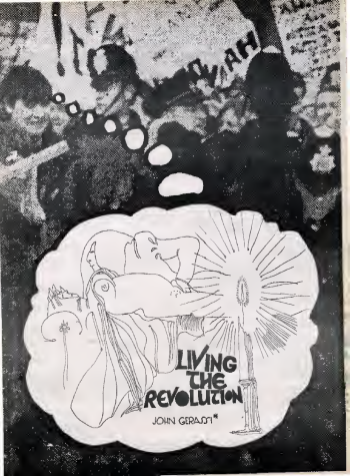
In short, these two questions are a vast deal more to reflect on long longer before than the historical and philosophical data given here) than at first. It will be under such considerations that it may be more planning for a new edition of the *Journal of English Studies* (University of Toronto) I intended to include this and similar queries will be dealt with in the new edition of the *Supplement to the large Oxford's English Dictionary* now in preparation.

Yours truly,
D.H. Clark

Dr. J. H. Greenberg, Prof.
New York, N.Y., U.S.A.



¹⁰ "Yes, I don't want a better job than I'm in."



**LIVING
THE
REVOLUTION**

JOHN GIRAUDI



So we call ourselves revolutionaries! Yet we — at least most of us white, middle-class, educated dreamers and drop-outs — like all the basic necessities we need to live more comfortably than ever before. We have more physical freedom, more mental freedom, even more mental freedom than ever before. At least in the rich capitalist world which we consider the real enemy and want to destroy. So, why do we want a revolution? And what kind?

Ask these questions to any 'traditional' revolutionary, one who thinks he is a 'Marxist-Leninist', and you'll get the traditional economic political answers: the capitalist exploits the working class by bleed-bled. But we're not working class

any, but we're intellectuals and the role of the intellectual revolutionary elite, conscious of the role-tatum, is to paper-papers. Why? Because that elite, realizing that it profits from the greed — No Huns.

I don't know about you, but that's not why I'm a revolutionary. Sure, I can make those tedious analysis. Sure, I even think such analysis have to be made, as fuel to bring about revolutionary situations in order to those in my kind of society. I know I've got to convince others to view it as joyful. And, in order to keep them receptive to my future, I've got to make them conscious of our present. So I guess I'll keep trying to explain why we live in a dehumanizing society, the direct and necessary consequences of capitalism, and its mode of operation, capitalist imperialism.

But that's for the squares. We know we're being dehumanized, and we know why they need us to do their dirty work. And not just in Vietnam, either. For how will they get the judges and experts they need for our materialistic society? And who will reorganize their economy? Who will explain their political ideas? You and me. They need us more than we need them. We're the ones who must think up these things in their labs, the ones who must explain their value in their books, the ones who must show them appeal in their television, the ones who must defend

them in their courts. That's why we've got to go to their universities, join their factories, and institutions otherwise? Well, yes, maybe, as *Althea Hoffman* (*Revolution for the Mass of It*) put it recently:

What would happen if large numbers of people in the country started getting together, forming communities, buying their food on Fulton Street, and passing out brown washers to use in laundromats and phones? What if people in stores started moving into abandoned buildings and refusing to move even to the point of defending them with guns? What if this movement grew and busy scientists sweating under the collar on a hot summer day decided to say fuck the system and headed for welfare? What if economists got tired of typing memos to the boss's girlfriend in triplicate and took to paralyzing us in the streets? What if when they called a new no-one went?

people who wanted to get educated just went to a college classroom and sat in without paying and without caring about a degree? Well, you know what? We'd have ourselves one hell of a revolution, that's what.

Obviously, if the modern world's universities come to a standstill — or if we all refused to get educated the way — the whole capitalist-bureaucratic world would collapse. And it would do so faster than with guns and bombs. (The corollary, which I won't try to defend here but is, to me, a simple-minded truism, is that the dehumanizing society's most important and necessary weapon is the university.) This is true



not only because of what they teach us but of why at all. In order to make us "experts" they have to dehumanize us, separate us, compartmentalize us. We have to be segregated, pigeon-holed, divorced from one another to totally that we cannot relate to one another (outside our own in-group) except through their language. What would happen to our society if a worker actually liked to sit and talk with *unskilled*? If children were allowed to masturbate together instead of watching television? But that still isn't all! What our education system necessarily does is force us to enter and perpetuate the vicious circle which dehumanizes us - which teaches us that material achievement are the only valuable things in life. To make us "good" experts, we must prove our merit. How? By passing tests better than anyone else. By competing in order words by considering our fellow men as our personal enemies. This is true in Russia as well as in America. We've got to "prove" ourselves - first in class, then in the army, then in the factory. Every value we have is based on individual achievement, on some map-to-rotate tale, on some poor bloke finding his gold in the desert, overruling his obstacles alone, struggling with his soul.

The so-called Communists are just the same. All Power to the Workers! Yes, but *listen* - First, let's be as good as the capitalists want. So Lenin rules. Then

Stalin. Then, what's-his-name. The Roman can win. They're made up of ordinary people, and some ordinary people are stupid and everybody knows stupid people don't count. Because they don't want to get to the moon first. And stupid don't count either because they love sex too much and are lazy. But they'll be okay when they get our values, when they understand that the meaning of life is to get ahead. Until then society can tell them how to live - with the police.

I'll tell you why I'm a revolutionary. It's very simple.

I just don't want that kind of a life. I want to live in a world where I don't have to stand while my boss or the commander sits, where I can talk to a black man as an equal, where I don't get unemployed by being or killed by stupid cars, where no-one wants to shoot me and I don't want to shoot anyone, where I can enjoy a painting without caring about who did it, just as I don't care who made the music. I want to know what my neighbor thinks about the school where we both send our kids even though he likes music written by some guy named Beethoven while I prefer to Jimi Hendrix. I want to be free to ask a girl to go to bed with me knowing that if she doesn't, she'll feel free enough to say "no thanks" and then we can still rap about a book we both read - and vice versa. I want to smoke pot if I like it. I don't want cops telling me where I can sit, but I do want to be able to listen to my neighbors, all kinds of people, and if they all feel that it's good for us all for me not to sit there, I won't and I won't feel my mistake is blown off for going along with them. I know I can't

participate in every decision, that I can't be everywhere at the same time and I don't want to - I'm lazy - so I want to be able to have some guy represent me there and another guy over yonder. But I want to be able to recall him anytime. I don't want to worry about food or clothing or a roof - I know the world is rich enough to give me all that - me and everybody else - and I'm willing to do my share of the work, but not for somebody else's profit. I don't want to accumulate property. I want free education, as I and the people I rap with think is important or pleasurable.

I'm no materialist; I don't believe I have to sacrifice myself in order to have a vacation or enjoy myself. I don't believe pleasure and work are antithetical, every man ought to enjoy what he does. I want free medicine, free transportation, free rent, free leisure, free theatre, free eye glasses, free pot. I'll work, sure, I'll do my best, I can write - sometimes. I can teach. I'll do it, with pleasure. Oh, if you all think it's a waste of time, well, I can make pretty good tables and drawers, with, taking down that really dirty. Maybe I can live passable. Why not? If a bunch of us do it together, stamp, laughing. Well, not everyday maybe. So we'll take Mondays, you take Tuesdays.

Most important, I guess, I want to know what you think and feel, and why. And I want you to care about me. I don't care if you have an IQ of 30 and me 150 - that's fuck. You have blood hate, I got brown. That's your human condition. If you have an IQ of 30,



you're just as much a man as I am, and with my potato nose and you with that straight forehead one. Your experiences are worth mine and mine yours. Let's rap, brother. Let's see what we want from each other, what we have to do in private, what we agree on and can do together. Let's run our schools together. And our factories. And, if after a while, there's no Spano Agree to pick up the garbage and we agree that we want it out of our community, maybe I'll pick it up on Tuesdays if you can do it on Wednesdays.

I don't want citizens, or passports, or work-permits, or foreign exchange. Of course since we'll all be equals, we won't need any of that. True, there's always that guy, the one who doesn't see any way to fly and won't tell us unless he gets two stars to our one. Well, the hell with him and his conviction. Suppose, though, what he convicts is a pill that prolongs life for 50 years. We'd all like to live and we're 130. But then, what can he do with his invention? Together, you and I, we'll have fun. We'll laugh and enjoy ourselves and we won't have any reason to distrust each other, even if you do have a prettier nose and I envy you for it, and I have a higher IQ (which you won't envy mine if you don't get me more things). I might have a prettier wife, though. I don't see what I'll be an expert. Let her live till he's 130 - lovely and bitter. We'll die when we're 50. But it was fun.

That's what I want. That's what a lot of people I know want. I got taught by

having it. That's right, I'm a product of capitalist society. I've had the lumpy home, the mind, the car, the expense account, the title and the Englewood on the floor. What I didn't have was happiness. I was lousy, selfish, scared, manipulated, pigeon-holed. I lived by the values of this society and they taught me to drive, drive for more, rush and rush some more. I was told not to think of happiness as a feeling only as a thing, a possession, a warm blanket like Linus always has.

I didn't work. I hadn't suffered from the Depression or World War II. I just couldn't be fooled. And there are thousands, perhaps millions of kids today who can't be fooled either. Brought up under the material success of capitalism, we are the product of capitalism's greatest contradiction - that it simply doesn't satisfy. And to we can no longer be manipulated by capitalists, at least not for very long.

But we can be oppressed by it. That's why we need a revolution. We are being repressed by it, by its police, its congressmen, its television, its 'democracy', its parliament - we are, in its secret services, its apologists and especially by its myths, most importantly the myth that change must be peaceful and that only we revolutionaries are violent (though even the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence can't stomach that myth. It says,

'Like most ideologies, the myth of peaceful progress is founded as opposed to legitimate existing

political arrangements and to subordinate the appearance of protest. It also serves to conceal the role of official violence in the maintenance of these arrangements.'

Let's settle a few things first. We want to throw out those in power to establish a new society.

Now if you think that election isn't enough anything, you just aren't nuts. A. Those who have power are not those who are elected but those who set up elections. What we must overthrow is capitalism (State or Private), parliamentarianism, not the Democrats or Republicans, Liberals or Conservative parties. We have as much right to do so as the Americans who overthrow the English, the French bourgeoisie who overthrew their monarchs. As Abe Lincoln put it 'This country with its conscriptions, belongs to us who live in it.' Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they shall exercise their constitutional rights of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.' But then, influenced by a life-time of debates between 'majority' and 'minority', you might say that we're the minority, and that there are a lot of innocent bystanders, too. For one thing, every revolution, the English and American included, was started by a minority, a tiny one at that. It became a majority only as it proved it meant what it said. For another, we're the young. Among the young, we're probably the majority. In any case the argument of numbers is irrelevant. If you feel strongly



about seeing your capitalist regime, defunct. It just don't call yourself an innocent bystander. There is no such thing. An innocent bystander in the American Revolution? To Hater's amazement? Or is Abbie Hoffman just it. "If you are a bystander, you are not innocent."

So, we agree, it's a fight to the finish. Well then, why doesn't the Establishment hold us, arrest us, kill us? Because that is not what modern Capitalism is all about. It is not George Waller, the KKK and Minutemen, the four corners of the great bare asspops. No. The Establishment is IBM, Xerox, the Kennedy's, the London and New York Times, Harvard University, LSR, the Courts — the liberal corporations who, to survive, must maintain the sanctimony of their play and reform misdeeds. It is no accident that no modern, developed capitalist state has ever reverted to dictatorship, not even in times of trouble. For as long as the liberalcorporative can maintain such a equilibrium, protesters tend to remain isolated and un-polarized. Deny the verbal currency of corporate liberalism — since the Times, since the Eugene McCarthy — and the whole structure becomes threatened overnight. It can then be maintained only by an armed phalanx who are just as apt to bump off the Kennedys and the chairman of Xerox, IBM and the universities (who are often the same) as they are to slit my head off. In fact, more apt to do so — for the columns (or police chiefs) are would be more lively in America) have come to gain from liquidating the former — the poor.

Thus, it is no accident that in the French revolution of May-June 1968, the power elite did not bring in the troops to open fire on students and workers, even on May 29 when it could fear total collapse of the corporate-same apparatus.

The enemy is not going to kill us all. Some, here and there, by assassination, but not all, and not systematically. It will repress us (and it doing so) by massive individual arrests, truncheon and not represses up in their courts while, simultaneously trying to buy off some of us here and there by paper reforms, changes in degrees but not in kind. (For, suppose that they did let us run our universities, what would happen to their counter-surveillance, biochemical and ghetto-control research? What would happen to their motor projects, their machine training and increasing operations, their future civil servants, media stars, computer experts?) But let's not let ourselves their form of repression is the most efficient yet devised. It is far better that quiet or elude. Unless carefully legislation or an amendment to lower the voting age so I'll be fat, far worse than NGAC limitations. Indeed, the best thing that happened for the hated American Revolution is Mayer Daley.

Well, then, what can we do against this apocryphal liberal corporatism which leeches itself from head to toe in a phonyish myth? Lenin once give this answer: "Give us an organization of revolutionaries, and we will overturn Russia!" And he did, but with what result? Khrushchev said what he said, what shall he do? He got his organization — the

revolutionary party — and with it the elite, except that went on to rule Russia, creating Stakhanov, Chechenovskis and the trials of Daniel and Yegorov. History has judged Lenin right. His methods were the only ones capable of overthrowing the Czarist State. And ever since, I like scholars attacking St. Thomas, Marxist-Leninists have ignored that every revolution must be carried out in the same way. Yet Lenin wouldn't agree. He would say, as he did, that conditions determine tactics and that tactics are subordinate to the reasons for the revolution. His reasons were land, bread, freedom. His reasons never got the third, but two out of three is a pretty good landing message in any land.

Minot. Not in vain. We're ambitious. We want a perfect society — or else forget it. But don't, because we'll get it. There are certain laws about revolutions. Not many, but a few. One is that a revolution is made by people, in a movement. The other is that it must (and does) function within two constraints:

- 1) the nature of the adversary,
- 2) the kind of structure, at least in general, which the movement wants to set up.

The first is easy: liberal corporatism, which we all know, or should. The second is harder. I've described my structure above. Other revolutionaries have other descriptions, but we all agree on one basic characteristic: that it be a transforming society. That means the Lenin's ethnic organization is out. Also, then, is his party — as defined by modern day 'Marxist-Leninists'. I get that in



quotes because Marx never talked about a ruling party necessarily such as Lenin put into motion. Marx, for example spoke of "the party arising spontaneously from the soil of modern society." And Engels, in his best work, *Anti-Dühring*, said that the role of a revolutionary party is to destroy the State, not only the old state but all. *Marx* states: After seizing power he wrote "State interference in social relations becomes in one domain after another, superfluous, and then withers away of itself; the government of persons is replaced by the administration of things." The State is not absolute. It withers away." Even Lenin noticed that once the revolution is victorious "a special force for suppression is no longer necessary. In this sense the State begins to wither away."

Where Lenin went wrong was to believe in short cuts. There are none — neither to justice nor truth. Just as a revolution from above is bound to fail (since they do not participate in it), the masses do not consider it theirs and will not work for its post-victory success, as is one that forgets its principles in order to strengthen a wall (once the rules of men are relegated to second place it stays there). No matter how "good" and just a dog's intentions may be, no matter how much he believes in the rationalization that he is being efficient in order to become chief whence he can have the power to humanize the whole town, by the time he is the chief he will have institutionalized his actions, away dog on the town will act as if man is an object, to be treated as such. Once manipulation is a way of life human lives become inalienable. The Russia of today is not the fault of a Stalin gone mad; it is the necessary consequence of a revolution that did not trust the people for whom it

fought. Because it was under attack from both a reactionary world and a capitalist world, it may have had no other historical choice. But that does not change the fact that today Dargi and Shavrovi are in jail because Lenin believed in discipline and that Russians are uneducated and compartmentalized because Lenin introduced material incentives with his "temporary" New Economic Policy.

Our revolution, then, must not cherish the principles of efficiency. It must not build followers. It must not sacrifice participation for effectiveness. It must not judge what is relevant according to doctrine. Nothing that is relevant to you or me can be considered irrelevant by the revolution. The only way we will ever see a New Man is by relating all man. Man not theories. Man not programs. Is this theory, as the Marxist Leninists say? To their scholarly congresses, perhaps. Marx himself, however, was no dogmatist. "Every step of real movement," he wrote, "is more important than a dozen programmes." By real movement, of course, he meant people.

No party? No ideology? No program? How in hell then, do we make the "humanizing" revolution?

By living it. By fighting for what's relevant to you, not to some theorist. You want to turn on, turn on. You want to drop out, drop out. Over to the MCs singing John Lee Hooker's *Moan* (My Is Burning) ("All the cities will burn... You are the people who will build up the whar!" or the Lovin' Spoonful's *Revolution* (99 ("I'm afraid to die but I'm a man inside and I need the revolution"). Live in a commune. Be faithful to your values, not your parents' (Remember Bob Dylan's *The Times*, They

are A Change). Your sons and your daughters are beyond your control. Your old road is rapidly aging. Don't be afraid to be happy. As Abbie Hoffman wrote "Look, you want to have more fun, you want to get laid more, you want to have sex with friends, you want an outlet for your creativity, then get out of school, quit your job. Come on out and help build and defend the society you want. Stop trying to organize everybody but yourself. Begin to live your values."

If we do, there's a great pay-off: once we win we won't have to worry about somebody having perverted the Revolution. Because the Revolution will be us.



John Gertzel, an American, is the author of *Venceremos*, a definitive study of Che Guevara. He has been the Latin American editor of *Time* and *Newweek*, and goes to working in London where he is now president, he was Professor of Political Science in San Francisco State College. He was asked from this point for supporting the students in their demands for administrative reforms.

On June 23-25, the Oxford Graduate Workshop is holding a three day talk in an THE ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY in Oxford.

To be discussed: How can a community keep out of debt without compromising? How can spontaneity of ideas be preserved in a scheduled world? For details, contact Susan Tappell, Blacktown, Oxford.



*"Which side are
you on, baby?"*



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BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN

There will be a benefit concert for the Pulpit Conversion on Sunday 25th May 1968 at 8 pm at the RoundHoods Chick Farm. Family, Pretty Things, Demented have agreed to play at the time of going to press, and many other musicians have estimated that they will be there for a blow, all being well.

This interview with Fritz Townshend is taken from a book, 'Born Under a Bad Sign' by Tony Palmer, to be published by William Kimber & Co Ltd in September 1969.



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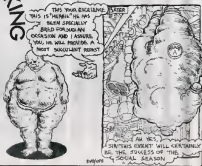
Leg of Lamb Pig *
(Serves 6-8 persons)

Total cost: 100. Perhaps all the a leg of lamb
from Woolworths for 50 as a free
leguminous that plenty school boy between
the age of five and nine. Younger the first is
too small and looks stupid, but the
disappearance of the potential makes it
cheap and strong.

Method: Keep the leg for 24 hours without food
for at least a day. Then all the fat and
remove head, feet and hands. Allow the body
to hang until the blood has stopped dripping.
Remove one of the legs with a cut along the
line of the spine, and use it like a piece,
leaving the meat on the bone. Insert a clove of
garlic into each piece of meat, season well with
salt and pepper and sprinkle with lemon and
mustard. Put in a moderate oven for 2 hours.
After 1 hour turn the meat over and use the
other side. It will be done when it is browned
all over. The remainder of the carcass should be put
in a deep pan or in a tin to make in a strong
solution of salt and water, seasoned with herbs
and spices, vinegar or wine and so on. It will
keep a large family for at least a week.

The two-thirds removed fat from the ribs can
be spread on slices of roasted French bread and
make a treat for the children at the time.

* Do not forget that bones fresh is edible, and
of all animals, the human is the closest to each
other in the world.
Reprinted from the U.S. Army Medical Manual,
revised in Berkeley Park, April 5-11-1962



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It was the real thing that made my ring-a-ling ding...

Summertime Blues

Words and Music by Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart

I'm a-gonna relax a fuss, I'm a-gonna relax a
holler,
About a-weekin' all summer just to try to earn a
dollar.

Everytime I call my baby, try to get a date,
My boss says, "Be nice, Son, you gotta work less"
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

Ah, well, my Mom 'n' Pa-pa told me, "Son, you
gotta make some money
If you want to use the car to go a-ridin' next
Sunday."

Well, I didn't gotta work, told the Boss I was sick,
"Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't
work a lick."

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine
vacation.

I'm gonna take my problem to the United National
Well, I called my Congress-man and he said
"Goody."

"I'd like to help you, Son, but you're too young to
vote."

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

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Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Clearance
Company Music Co. Ltd., 8 Denham Street, London
WC2

the
CHIFFONS

My Boyfriend's Back

Words and Music by Robert Pattison, Gerald Gaskin,
and Richard Cochran

My boyfriend's back, and you're gonna be in
trouble,

When you see him comin', better out on the
double,

You've been spreadin' lies that I was unkind,
So look out now 'cause he's comin' after you,
And he knows that you've been lyin',
And he knows that you've been blei'.

He's been gone for such a long time,
Now he's back and things will be fine,
You're gonna be sorry you ever were hurt,
'Cause he's kind of big and he's awful strong,
And he knows about your cheatin',
Now you're gonna get a beatin'.

What made you think he'd believe all your lies?
You're a big man now but he'll cut you down to
size! Well and good.

My boyfriend's back, he's gonna save me reputa-
tion.

If I want you I'd like a permanent solution,
Ls it is, my boyfriend's back! Ls it is, my boy-
friend's back!

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Shakin' All Over

Words and Music by Johnny Kidd

When you move in right up close to me,
That's when I get the shakes all over me,
Quivers down my backbone.

I've got the shakes down the kneebone,
Yeh! the tremors in the thighbone.
Shakin' all over.

Just the way you lay your hands on me,
Keeps that feeling on inside of me,
Quivers down my backbone.

I've got the shakes down the kneebone,
Yeh! the tremors in the thighbone.
Shakin' all over.

Well, you make me shake and I like it,
Baby, well, you make me shake and I like it,
Baby, well, you make me shake and I like it.

Jenny Take A Ride

Words and Music by E. Johnson, R. Tinsman
and Bob Crown

C-C-C-Rider see what you have done now
C-C-C-Rider see what you have done now
You made me love you,

Now, now, now, now—your man has gone,
I'm givin' with my baby, won't be back for four
years.

I'm givin' with my baby, and I won't be back for
four years.

If I find me a new love, I won't be back at all!
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't you come along
with me.

Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't you come along
with me,
Don't worry 'bout tomorrow, won't you come
along with me!

Spiral! spiral! spiral! spiral! like a
spiral! top,
Spiral! spiral! spiral! spiral! like a
spiral! top.

So come along, baby, with me, gonna reach the top!

G'mon Everybody

Words and Music by Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart

Well, c'mon, everybody, and let's get together
tonight!

I got some money in my jeans and I'm really
gonna spend it right!

Been a-doin' my homework all week long,
Now the house is empty, the folks are gone,
Do, do! C'mon, everybody!

Well, my baby's number one, but I'm gonna dance
with three or four,
And the ladies'll be shakin' from my toes too
slippin' the floor!

When you hear that music your feet won't sit still,
If your brother won't, then your sister will,
Do, do! C'mon, everybody!

Well, we'll really have a party, but we gotta put a
car outside,
If the folks come home I'm afraid they gonna have
my hide.

I think I'll be in more movies for a week or two;
No more music! around with the usual crew.
Whoa-whoa, C'mon, everybody!

Reprinted on Liberty by **EDDIE COCHRAN**

Johnny
KIDD



Eddie
COCHRAN



Little
RICHARD



THE GROOVY THING IS - YOU'RE NOT ALONE...

"The groovy thing is, you're not alone and there are more of us every day" All the time he's talking to you, Murray Roman (sometimes like converses with his metier. He employs the pressman grip to win your sympathy - I'm with you, man - and he's careful to stress the number, and the names, of the rock musicians he's friendly with. In the paper today it said that Jimmy Hendrix got beaten for much. I don't think Jimmy Hendrix was on much 'you I was with him last Saturday night and I know what a man's on much and he wasn't!

- that's professional name-dropping Perhaps that's being overly official. It's not until you've recovered from his amazing Murray and volume that the techniques by which he engages and retains your sympathy become more apparent.

That doesn't mean that he's not worth listening to. Murray Roman, assistant manager of the Righteous Brothers, lead writer for the Brothers Brothers TV show and comedian in his own right, is one of the funniest and most perceptive guys ever. As a comedian he's more formidable than anyone in his country - he's the Ted Rogers, coping with the music and deals so problems-in-law and Black Jagger impressions for him.

I wanted to relate to things that were making me laugh, making my friends laugh!

If you've heard his first album "You Can't Beat People Up and Have Them Say I Love You", released on Think over here, you'll know that all these things relate to five subjects - drugs, sex, rock, authority and revolution. Our kind of subjects, right?

The strange thing is, although his approach, and the content of his comedy, seem cynically calculated to appeal to the market he's trying to reach - which is, for want of a better definition, the underground - when you talk to him you realize... that, by a happy coincidence, he believes in 90% of what he says. In this interview he talked easily for nearly forty-five minutes - he'd said it all before, many times, so all the underground papers in the States. When he came into the Think office, and saw a copy of GE, he pressed the Underground Press Institute button.

MURRAY ROMAN

YOU're in a filthy paper published by filthy people. Drugs, copes, police, love, rape, gay/lesbian - fantastic! You could stand for Parliament on this platform and I have about 100,000 people who would vote for you.

"The world is becoming a divided place divided between you - and all like people. Pro-life people and you - being alive - are life people make cigarettes." They tell you that your mother is filthy - not above the neck or below the knees, but everything else is filthy! "Yes, but I came out of her -"

"So you didn't - she didn't look." Let them promote - let them vote all the extremist approaches to selling our life-style. Beautiful! They gonna have to live up to do it. Nobody's going to sell a book and sell record in the town without the underground press, because nobody is going to read the EM I press bulletin about what 'really good' music there is. I hope they open 5,000 FM stations in London. They're going to have to have somebody to tip to the kids and it can't be somebody who's giving the numbers like Here's a really groovy JUDY GARLAND record, and here is - OVER THE RAINBOW - let's hear it - it's going to have to be some guy who can say 'Hey, here's a record that I played last night and I really dig it and I'm going to play it for you today, and I hope you like it - it could be a good trip'!

"English might think LBJ says it's true! The kids were listening to the music - one day they appeared in the streets. And one of the great opportunities - a brilliant man, but an opportunist - Bobby Kennedy - said

"That many people really believe in Peace" - I'm gonna run for President." We have a mayor in Los Angeles who has the IQ of a plover - but some in Sam Warty. After Sirhan Sirhan killed Kennedy he went to National Television and gave the address of Sirhan's family in Pasadena in case you were a moron and wanted to tell them."

President Nixon makes these statements - "As I've said before, as I'll say again, what I've said many times before is that I stand today where I have always stood, and you sit there and if you're a little cracked you say 'It's a pretty man - I tell you someone put acid in the water of the city and it's a hope'!"

The Institute chairman of Annapolis - thousands of British troops occupying one sorry-assed Black kid with a spot. Officers standing on hills, planes pointing to see if they could find a storm, naked, double-barrelled shot gun to send to the Queen - "They were armed. They Majesty" - with skin. "Our Purdie incident is just as heavy as that Annapolis - it's hysterical. The US navy sent the ship within 12 miles of the North Korean coast when they had been warned that they were liable to be attacked. On board they had 4000lbs of classified material - information about NATO. The captain did not want it - what did he want information about NATO for? - but the Navy forced him to accept it. When the ship was attacked, the captain said "What are we going to do now?" - they didn't even have an alternative plan, they didn't know what they were going to do and to destroy the classified equipment they had one paper shredder and a pair of pliers and the guns were broken and didn't work. It's one of the great signs of American Naval History."

"The United States is a country dedicated to saying 'Well, we made a terrible mistake in Vietnam, but we'll keep killing them until they think we weren't that wrong'!"

The Press in this country distorted the whole Cornell University trip. The Daily, Los Angeles Guardian - it's supposed to be a big paper. Almost Gorka wrote an article from the 21 club about what was happening in Boston, New York, 450 miles away. Nobody reported that the Black kids never went into the building with those rifles - that they didn't collect the guns until 12 hours after they had been in there and the reason that they got rifles was because they heard that 500 white men were coming in next to kill them. The University officials didn't apologize at gun-point and, what's worse, none of the ammunition the black kids had fired the guns they



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barred. They were chained - how old were they? they averaged between 17 and 18½ years old. Some, dead, seemed to be a big, happy, dauntless-looking building and the night before, in front of the Fraternity House, the Sorority House, where there were twelve black women, somebody burned the Cross. What was the kids supposed to believe that they were below? I want to tell you that if I were at Cornell, and I were black, and somebody told me that there were 200 white men coming to shoot try me I'd get into a double-barrelled shot-gun myself and say - "OK Whiteface, you come and get me and I'll take your ass with me!" The *Massachusetts Guardian* reported it as "Around Black Miners' Seafresh Police University Authorities to Capitalize". For six months those kids had used every legal recourse to get a black coffee programme and when there was nothing left they occupied the building - twelve of them.

"If it wasn't for papers like OZ nobody would ever read the truth, and maybe nobody ever reads the truth anyway. The *American* that Allister Cooke writes about from the 21. Club is the *American*, he was once in a movie with Berry Gribble - who is a star here and elsewhere else. Noel Redding's a star - if Berry Gribble went into Madison Square Garden she wouldn't even draw my mother if you gave her a free ticket and Noel Redding will draw 20,000 people and you're in the rafters - so who's the star? Donovan will fill the Hollywood. Noel - Berry Gribble couldn't even get the paper to remain. But when I'm really talking about is what Mr. Cooke thinks is a star and what Mr. Cooke thinks is America."

"We worship Bob Hope. Bob Hope himself has never had a Peace thought in his life - which is already funny. His script writers love. Bury your Bob Hope goes to Vietnam and exterminates the troops and all of America falls so far down and sucks Bob off. We as tax payers pay for his trip as he comes along 50 broads and other entertainers and they fly over first-class with Army officers over shooting film of the whole thing. I don't mind that - Bob's a big star - but then he works later in B.C. has a show called 'Bob Hope In Vietnam' and it was told did half a million dollars. Now for half million dollars I would be willing to go away every year and exterminate the boys anywhere they wanted me to - to the fucking South Pole. And get me pay for me - 100,000 - and the 100,000 - and a time to come to

our finest troops to make sure the Vietnam don't shoot Bob's balls off. Let's stop talking about drugs - we're helping them. Timothy Leary should have shot up. "Give it to kids." Oh Shut Up. There were no kids against it in the States until that local movie got on the tube. What with Timothy Leary and Jerry Rubin we got enough trouble to last for years."

"If you make a statement you make a statement that helps or it all, you don't get to that many associated Americans says 'They're all filthy - they're crazy - they ran around in their underwear. I'm going to start to wear a suit but I'm going to be who I am because I know who I am, and that's the difference between us - I can be and look at myself as a minor and I like me.'"

"You never heard anybody who smoked dope to say 'I can kick my ass on the inside' and if somebody says it at any party I've ever been at they say 'Go ahead and kick me man - I'd be happy to kick myself. First, he wants to kick you first.'"

"Maybe we shouldn't wear uniforms - maybe that's where we're going wrong like all the Vietnam wore signs around their necks saying 'I'm a Vietcong' they

wouldn't have any trouble figuring out who was who in the villages. Like, if we walked along the street together and a policeman saw us, do you think the thought would even cross his mind that we smoked dope? All you have to do is to get into a company and then they know who you are. You'll only spend there if they don't know who you are." "I'm not smart, why should I help them? Let's go and give ourselves up and we'll see who comes with us. Man, don't you see that they're taking us one by one?" and that's how we'll fail. We're all isolated. Did you hear so-and-so get beaten?" - "No where, when?" Just like in Munich. "Did you hear Bergstein got taken by the Gestapo?" "You're kidding - what?" And everybody and after the war "How come the Jews never fought back?" Well they say that about us? Among Jews anyway the burning question is "How did they do it?" - load them into cattle cars, gas them into ovens, stuff 'em head up their asses? The answer is - they did it OZS BY OZS." "If we're going to fail let's all fail together - at least if they put us in jail we'd know everybody."



Harvest will be in June this year -



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CELESTE

BODY POLITICS

In New York today, some actors and actresses are lobbying their union to ban nudity from the stage. This is an venerable reaction where sex, rock and drugs are part of the movement, & where black & white don't just denote skin but symbolic polar areas of thought. There are bridges everywhere in Manhattan across between identities & the way in which we think and feel.

Not surprising, then, that on 24 March Che, the play that took the performance which will grip most Americans to its opposite and logical extreme by having actors (that on stage, was buried, & its most cast, actress, Eleanor & 16 year-old stage hand, were charged with public leaders' emotional ecology, exposing the morals of a nation, & comparing to control the same.

On Saturday 25 April, Che already re-opened where it had started - the Free Store Theatre on Cooper Square - thus giving a few more avid readers of Screen, Finance, Rat, Other Scenes, Hym, etc, to see the making of the World Squad, another chance to see it.

After an evening of organized boredom with the Performance Group's *Discourse* in 69, I had appointments about Che. Within over a period of two years by Lenore Raphael, a West Indian (she's Trinidadian), to quote him, is 'the product of a good fuck'. Che is an explicit and coherently intended sexual metaphor of the body politic and its consciousness. A completed series of sexual games develops between Che, who is a general symbol of revolutionary energy, the President of the United States, naked except for a star-spangled Uncle Sam topper & a red-white-and-blue cord and mask has worn Mayling, the lesbian 'angelplay' representing variously the new technology, the Military and the CIA, the 'viciously delicious' States of Mayring, who is a composite of the real Che Guevara's Tanzi & the Catholic man who was photographed wearing Che's trousers & coming over his dead body, & Chloé Billy, son of King Kong.

King Kong was the first sign of sanity in America after that Frank Thorne's *Police*. 'Raphael chuckles. "I wanted to see King Kong just to provoke us to dig the age in all of us the beauty of the Age". Neither the President (played by Paul Simonson, whose body carried rather more conviction than the rest of his acting) who was comatose & unconsciously to release Che (LARRY BERENSON), nor Mayling (JANICE BARUCH, dressed in silver lace with a clear plastic drape draped round her neck. Married subconsciously under area, plastic applies & ritual wood crutch, who has a go at every once) nor have anyone

Che makes it with the chosen one, Sister Mary Anne (Mary Anne Shelley, with the best bit off-off Broadway), who comes with everyone, even whilst being beaten by Mayling. & again - very violent - when involved by the farward and grapple Chloé Billy (David Sandler). The fucking scene between Che & Sister Mary Anne is inevitably the most conscious moment of the play, but it is also the best. They were in various positions on the Star-Spangled Berenson, beneath a slow stroke which increases its tempo with the lower. This was sister Berenson didn't have an erection but my attention about the sexual nature in Berenson didn't apply here. Why? Because, the scene was not so obviously choreographed, because it was not removed from the audience and, being so skilfully and seductively performed, the symbolic functioning of its reality was not required.

The end comes fast & sweepingly. The President declares, "On my Dickory-Do! a Copulater!", and Che, despairing the wedding never to bite the rock that feeds you", lies in while knowing the President. Whereupon the captured and outraged embodiment of Western capitalist greed Mayling's heady marriage gun apparatusically before. "Fuck you... motherfucker", shouts Che & he looks of Christ, & collapses willing on the prime object of his lust the body of Che. "I worked on the premise" said Raphael, "that Che was killed because he let on America's price & sexualized scientists".

This, of course, is a simplification of the action, even its sexual sense. There was much gossiping, kissing & criticism to happen. There are some hilarious moments, as when the President, in a desperate and comical attempt to 'hate' the real me' by orgasm, tries to suck himself off; although in the first half hour or so the constant bombardment of euphemisms ('Madjack my passion', 'I wish the rest me in the debt of your best', 'Sweetie currently my madjack', 'We are the names of our game', 'Pain has its own reflection') is lightened only by massive punning between Che & the President & a bit of half-hearted dick-sucking from Mayling, as Latta with his people, showing to overbalance the play by making it too worded. Raphael has packed so much into it that the temptation is to get hung up at this or that point, dampening the significance of a single detail instead of flowing with the action. It is a 100-minute one-act without any headsupings.

A source of confusion on the night I saw it was that people at all got a handle

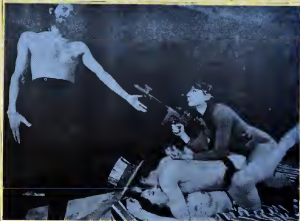
(though the cast had made it five times before, according to Berenson and Raphael - whose paternal advice to his actors was, 'Do it if you can & if you can't it doesn't matter'), and the effect of Berenson's reports, and the Presidential price was not after leaving Mayling's lips). That it was often uncertain whether language had political implications or not in the end, this ambiguity didn't matter. The metaphor worked in a single viewing it is possible to extract the metaphor that established power always tries to assimilate to itself subversive forces. If it fails, but there always created by the occasional moment of both - modern technology which being simply a tool seems to be used by (or against) itself.

The Preamble note to Che indicates Lenore Raphael's mother's sympathies: "Writing a revolution when close to the moments of revolution, the revolution is being revolutionized because it is also an act of who you are". Given though Raphael has not in an EKG interview with *DA Letter* that

"The play is intended to dispense Left & Right, it provides people to dig what's happened to themselves. The way we destroy ourselves with the power games, the way a big powerful corporate country the American could step up against Cuba, for example. The way we could consider that morally right. The way we rationalize, normalize, the violence in Vietnam, North & South, very functional".

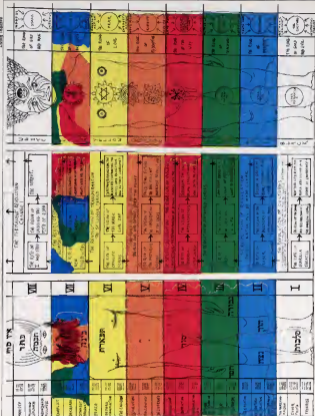
Che works both as revolutionary event & as revolutionary theatre. (Remember *Albee* Hoffman is right when he claims that confining your attention to the primary act of revolt.) It is a play where all action takes place in terms of the functions of the human body, & the breaking of social & chemical taboos which has confined the straight game, at least, & not guaranteed. The community is structural. Though there's nothing technically new in Ed Wade's production, Che is one of the best mounting projects, in art, of the counter-culture's belief that sex, politics & violence cannot be compartmentalized in revolutionary contexts. 'Revolution is a self howling in the attitudes of your passion'.

The night before I left New York, Che was being again, for being performed in an unbroken theatre, a legal point which applies to almost every off-off Broadway production. A play, but the national war may do the next bigger & better: home in future months. The script is to be issued by Raphael's own newly formed publishing company Hughes.



Robert Saueran NYRS





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